

IT'S A 50-50 DEAL

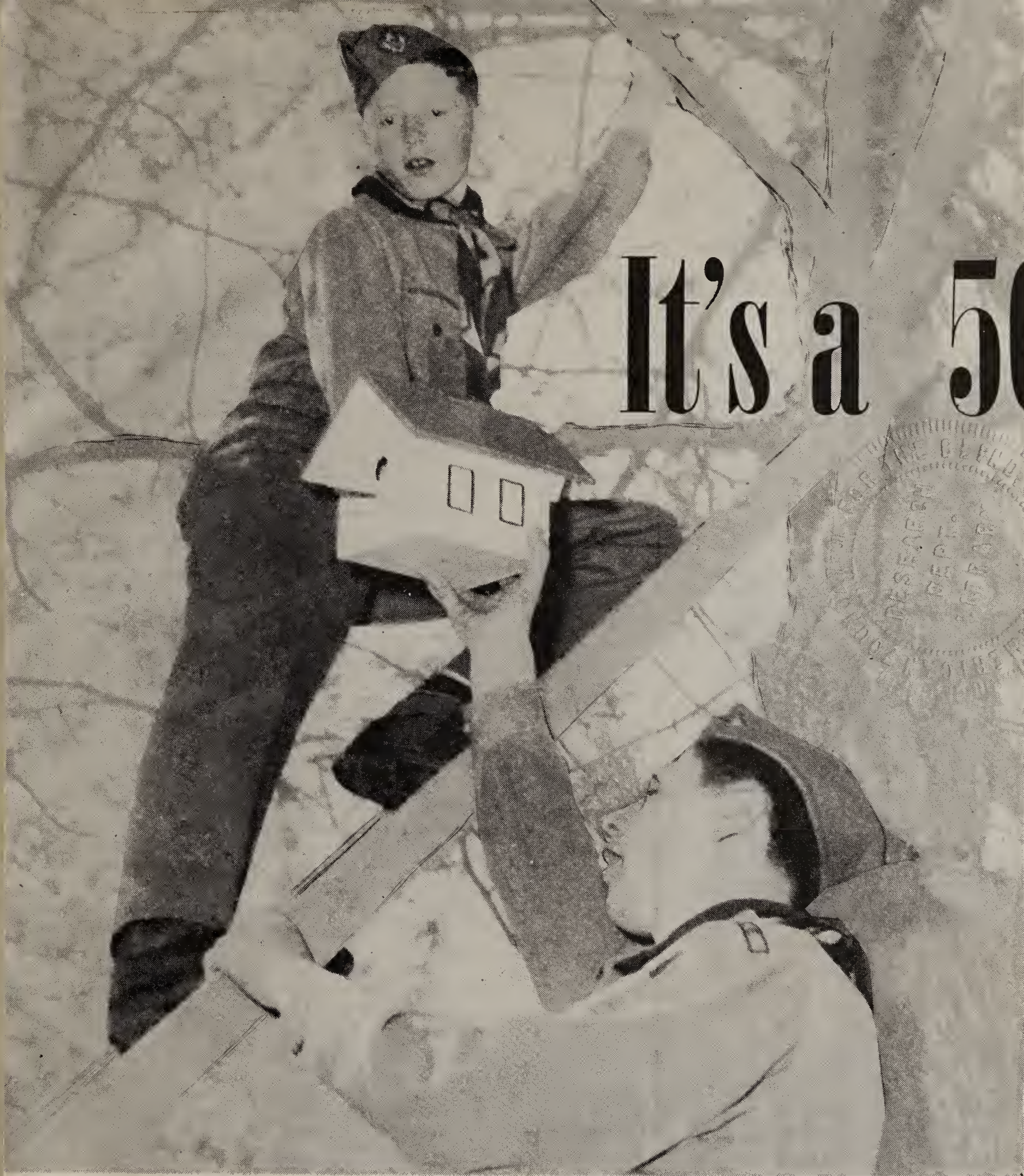
Al Sitter

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HOUSE FOR THE BLIND**



It's a 50-

You rise pretty high in the world if you are a member of Scout Troop 10 in Muskogee, especially when it's bird house season.

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An unusual scout troop benefits from a handicap

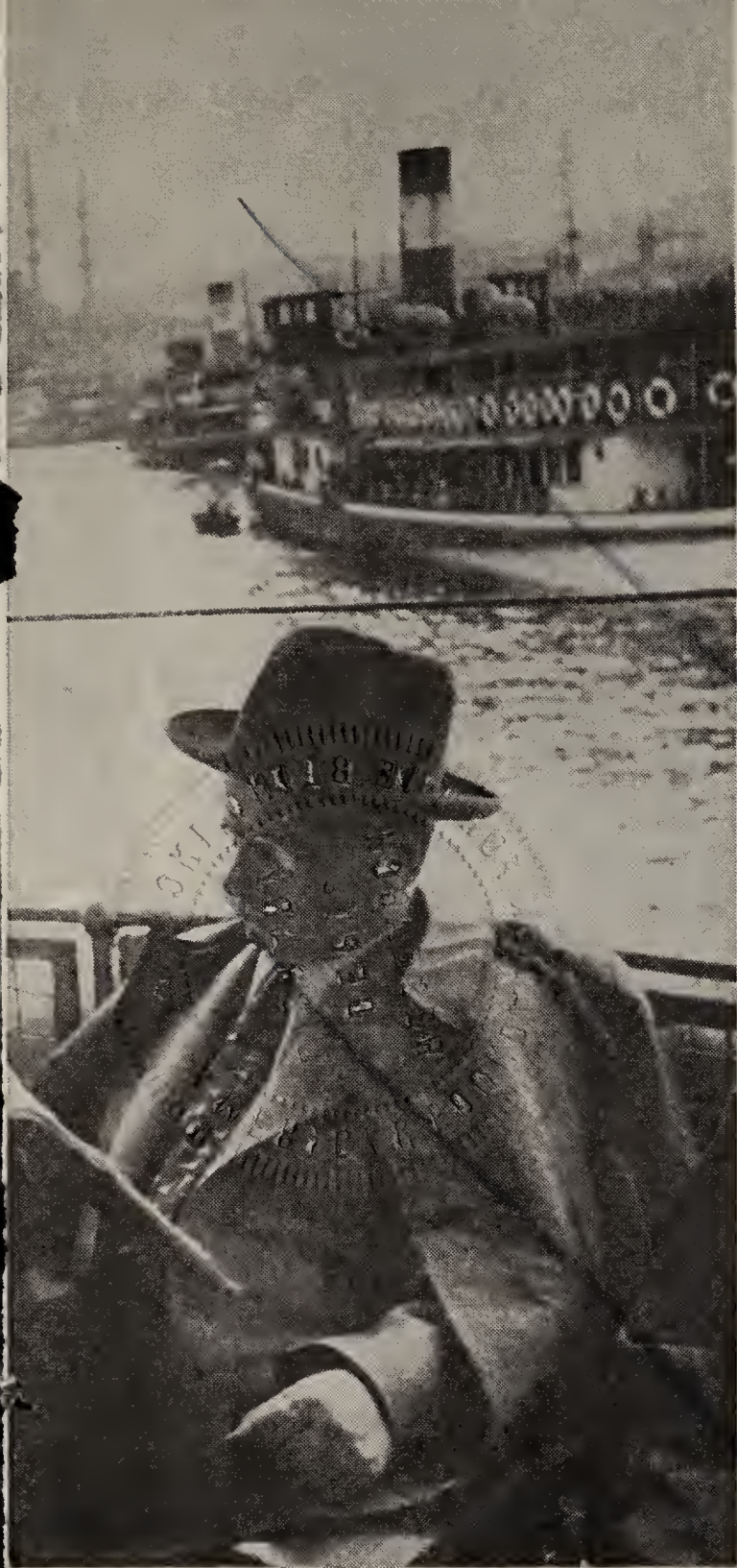
THANKS to Boy Scout Troop 10 and, indirectly, the Muskogee (Okla.) Lions club, birds moving into city parks found their housing shortage somewhat relieved this spring.

The 32 members of the Scout unit, made up of an equal number of blind boys and lads who have normal vision, worked together to construct and brightly paint more than 60 birdhouses for Muskogee's 22 parks, which cover some 500 acres of land in this "Indian capital of the world." The project is the first in a series of community enterprises scheduled in troop plans.

The story of this unusual Scout troop is an excellent example of cooperation between handicapped youths and those who are without physical impediments. It also points

Lucky passengers get seats on the busy ferries that link the European and Asiatic shores of Istanbul, Turkey's great city.

by Harland A. Jackman



Continents

machines — typewriter, mimeograph, adding machine, looks out on the great squat dome of St. Sophia. Orhan sees nothing incongruous about working in a modern office within the shadow of the oldest functioning building in the world—a survival of 1400 years of history. Erected on the ruins of a pagan temple, the huge color-flooded edifice was a church for 900 years, a mosque for 500 and a museum for 20.

Being a real estate man, Orhan Demir spends a good deal of time away from the office. A couple of telephone calls later and he is on his way. There's a choice commercial property in Taksim

Square, Istanbul's Times Square, that he is trying to rent.

On leaving his office in search of a taxi, he crosses the street in the direction of the 17th century Sultan Ahmet Mosque with its cascading domes and magnificent blue tiles. A moment later, he spots one, hops into it and finds he has three people for company. Sharing the taxi is an old Istanbul custom. As the other passengers are headed for Fatih Square, Orhan relaxes—he will be getting a slightly roundabout ride to his destination.

The taxi speeds along the avenue past the huge covered bazaar with people pouring into its wide entrances. A city in itself, Turkey's great Kapali Carsi, has been a center of trade since the 15th century—a place where jewels and Oriental rugs, ancient coins and modern perfumes vie for the buyer's attention along its miles of streets.

Just beyond the bazaar is Beyazit Square, with its head-swimming melange of architectural styles. On one side is the 450-year-old Mosque of Beyazit with its great dome set upon four stout columns. The ancient mosque and its handsome courtyard give way to the modern buildings that make up Istanbul University, chief cultural center of Turkey. The lofty Tower of Beyazit dominates the extensive grounds of the school.

The taxi rolls on and Orhan's mind muses over the changing times as he looks out at Sehzadebashi, once the fashionable center of Istanbul. Today, though a bit run down, it boasts a spectacular array of coffee houses—500 in all. Once distinguished by the city's finest shops, now students gather here to discuss the problems of the world.

Minutes later, Fatih Square looms into view. The sight of the great sprawling Fatih Mosque, dedicated to the conqueror of Istanbul, causes Orhan's neighbor in the taxi to remark on the city's 500th anniversary celebration last May.

The taxi disgorges three of its passengers at Fatih, swings around and makes for Ataturk Boulevard. Named for the founder of the Turkish Republic, the new highway considerably relieves Istanbul's traffic problem. Beautifully landscaped with dwarf trees dividing its lanes, auto trips that once took an hour now take 15 minutes.

In no time, the taxi is spanning the Golden Horn via Ataturk Bridge. Orhan wishes that the driver would slow down. The water below, reflecting a hundred iridescent hues, never seemed so beautiful. It suddenly occurs to him that it would be a nice idea to take his wife for a ride in one of those lovely little caiques to celebrate their anniversary. Like every true son of Istanbul, the most romantic memories of his past are connected with the magical waters of the Golden Horn and its neighbor, the Bosphorus.

Before he realizes it, Orhan is brought out of his daydreaming by the noise of Taksim Square. He pays his cab driver, stops for a drink of his favorite bottled water at the corner vendor's, and makes for his business appointment.

An hour later, with success crowning his efforts,
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by Al Sitter

up successful efforts of the Lions in a relatively new approach in sponsoring youth activities.

According to Scout headquarters in New York, the troop is the only one of its type. Although there are several other troops made up entirely of blind boys, the Muskogee unit is the only one in which membership is equally divided. The Lions club co-sponsors Troop 10 along with the Oklahoma School for the Blind, where the Scouts with impaired vision board and receive their formal education.

The original idea for this novel group is the brain child of Lion Bruce Jackson, sales manager for Southwestern Creosoting Company.

Unable to recruit enough boys for a new Scout troop from among the congregation of the Grace Episcopal Church, Jackson approached Dick Carter, young superintendent of the School for the Blind. Carter assured him

he'd find some boys at the school who would be eager to join. But he warned that the blind boys once had a troop that failed shortly after its beginning for lack of adult leadership and interest among the students.

C. W. West, Boy Scout executive for eastern Oklahoma, was asked to choose a Scoutmaster for the embryo troop. Without admitting it at the time, West now says he was more than a little skeptical about the venture's success. "But why put a damper on such a high-purposed plan?" he thought.

Most of the men West considered able enough to serve as Scoutmaster said they would be glad to head a group comprised of all blind boys, but none thought he was capable of handling a mixed organization as was suggested.

West asked LeBaron Moseley, who is a psychologist at the veterans hospital in Muskogee. He took the job.

The process of forming the troop wasn't easy in the beginning. Last February when Moseley began his recruiting campaign, 12 blind boys signed up immediately. Names of only a couple of boys from the town were listed on the roster.

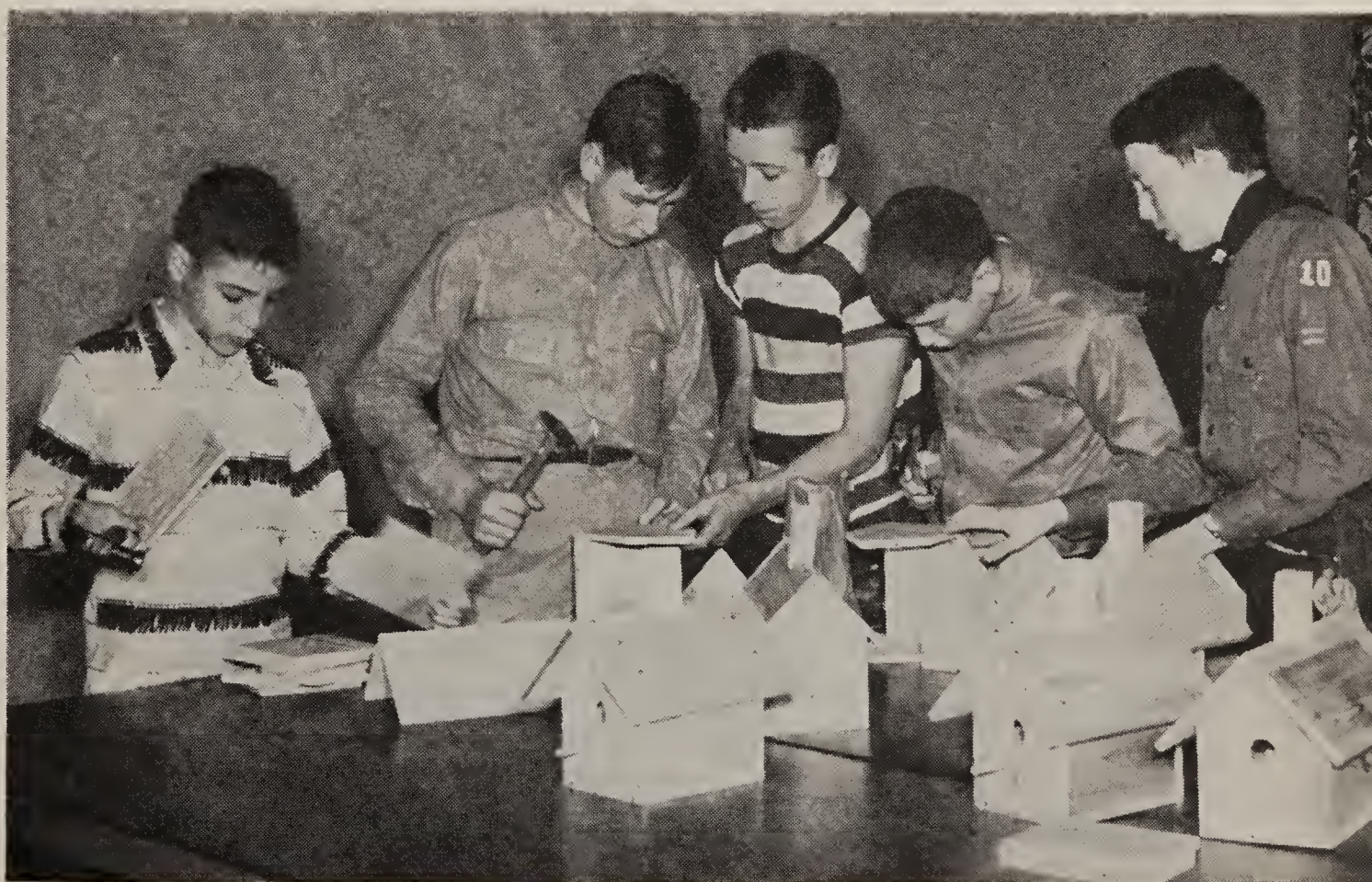
Having heard only that there was a new Scout troop being formed, several eager parents phoned Moseley that they would like to enlist their sons. On learning that half the membership would be comprised of blind boys, most lost their enthusiasm. Somehow they felt their sons would become stigmatized in their relationships with physically handicapped youths.

Since then the boys, who fill a complement of 16 sighted members and 16 who have less than 10 per cent vision, have been teaching adult Muskogee a good lesson in sociology. You couldn't bribe a single one of them into joining another Scout troop now, Scoutmaster Moseley insists.

Although Moseley admits it's not a simple matter to find group activities which will be of equal interest to both the blind lads and the boys who have normal vision, he sees his Scouts as being the finest bunch of youths he's ever worked with. Not once has he had more than the most minor problem in discipline.

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These youngsters, members of the only Scout troop of its kind, take part in the troop project despite their blindness. They are fine workmen.



They Point to the Church

*Club shows signs of pride in its
community's houses of worship*

TED HUNTER'S garage on tree-lined Court street in Iowa City, Ia., was the scene of some mighty odd goings-on. Night after night the Hunter automobile stood in the driveway while shadowy figures flitted in and out of the garage. Neighbors, walking home from a movie or late dinner, heard strange noises, a lot of laughter and some singing.

Sounds like the beginning of a mystery story, doesn't it? But there was no mystery about what went on in the Hunter garage. The Lions club of Iowa City, utilizing Ted's garage workshop and power tools, was working on a project which was to make friendly, hospitable Iowa City even more friendly and hospitable.

The city of 27,000 permanent residents has a large transient population; it is the home of the University of Iowa, a large Veterans' Administration hospital, and clinical services which attract thousands of visitors from the entire midwest. It also has several fine churches. "Why not," suggested some unsung Lion, "let our visitors know where these churches are located?"

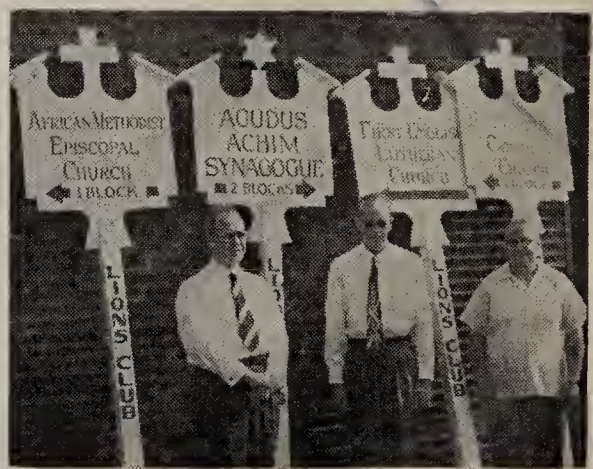
That was the beginning of "Operation Salvation Signpost." Lawyer Shirley Porter, totally blind chairman of the club's project committee, took charge of the plan. His committee asked Iowa City clergymen what they thought of the idea of putting church signs along the city's main thoroughfares; the answer was a unanimous "Fine!" They contacted city officials for permission to erect the signs; permission was unanimously granted.

That's when the Lions moved into Pres. Ted Hunter's garage workshop. Three-quarter inch weatherproof plywood was sawed to make the artistic signs; 4 x 4's six feet long were cut and finished to make the supporting posts. The painting crew applied a coat of preservative and three coats of white paint before a professional sign painter did the fancy lettering. (If you want working drawings, write to Atty. Shirley Porter, 201 Iowa State Bank Building, Iowa City, Iowa.)

When the 22 handsome signs directing the way to Iowa City's churches had been erected, the Lions took a few days off to heal their woodworking wounds and painter's colic. The Hunter automobile was put back in the garage, and that weekend the Lions practiced what they preached. They all went to church!



City Mgr. P. F. Roan, Lion Pres. Ted Hunter and Shirley Porter, project chairman, watch worker install first of Iowa City's new church signs.



Officials pose (top) with four of the club-built signs. At left, workmen load the 22 attractive signposts onto a city truck for distribution to principal street crossings.

Where Do They Eat?



It was roast turkey for the Hurricane, Utah, Lions when Mrs. Dell Stanworth, Mrs. Lellwin Wilkinson and Mrs. C. W. Sanders had charge.

HURRICANE, Utah, sounds like a good place to be away from when the wind blows, but visitors at dinner meetings of the Hurricane Lions club agree it's a wonderful place to be when the food is served.

Like many other small-town Lions clubs, the Hurricane members were hard put to find a convenient restaurant suitable to their needs. They solved the problem by "employing" their wives to prepare the dinners. For more than a year they have been waxing fat on such home-made delicacies as roast turkey, creamed potatoes and pumpkin pie.

The ladies rotate the cooking assignments, the Lions pay three months in advance for their club meals and the proceeds are being used by the wives for a community project of their own. Attendance? With a banquet at every dinner, it's wonderful!

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Boys will be boys, among Scouts and non-Scouts. But the Scoutmaster insists there is a total lack of rowdiness in his troop. The boys work together in all their activities—whether it be hiking, a camp-out or a troop project.

"What we're trying to do is put the emphasis on 'doing' rather than theory, in order to keep the interest of all the boys," Scoutmaster Moseley says in explaining the primary purpose and value of the birdhouse project.

The blind boys took over the basic construction work on the miniature homes. They cut all the pieces and nailed them together. When it came to applying the paint jobs, the sighted boys completed the task. They also worked together in placing their finished products in park sites.

The Lions club has contributed funds to buy equipment and supplies for the Scouts and has furnished the troop with a Braille edition of the Scout Handbook. The familiar standard letterpress handbook of a few hundred pages looks like a midget compared to the Braille version, which is made up of six bound volumes of large perforated sheets.

Recently the Lions club invited Moseley and all his Scouts to attend the group's Wednesday luncheon meeting at the Severs Hotel. Because it would have meant excusing 32 boys from school classes, the plan was shelved 'til summer vacation time.

Instead, Moseley brought Jerry Huston and Charlie Bollman to represent the troop. Jerry, who reads Braille better than many boys of his age, read the comics and selections from the troop's new handbook. Charlie explained the birdhouse project to the Lions assembly.

J. Eldon Graves, Lions club president, says the Scouts' presence made the meeting the most unusual and most interesting held in many weeks. He views the Lions' part in sponsoring the troop as the most "wonderful" thing the club has ever accomplished in promoting good citizenship among Muskogee's youth.

And what are the advantages of the mixed troop? Here's the way the Muskogee Lions feel about their new venture in backing the Scouts:

In the first place, the boy who has no physical handicap finds the pleasure of knowing he's helping others. Furthermore, he learns to overcome an apparent tendency to avoid handicapped persons. He also gains a greater appreciation for his own physical endowments. ● ●

The Perfect Christmas Gift

Honestly, now, what *could* be a nicer Christmas gift to a friend or relative than a year's subscription to **THE LION**? It's the gift that keeps on giving; month after month, for a whole year, **THE LION** will remind them of your thoughtfulness. It's so easy to give, too; simply send us a list of names and enclose your check at the special member's rate of \$1.00 per name. We'll do the rest—and you'll be remembered as the Santa Claus who was willing to share the entertainment, inspiration and good news of the brightest service club magazine with his friends!

THE LION MAGAZINE
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Internationalia



Bibi Johns, Swedish-born songstress of Scarsdale, N. Y., poses before statue of the great Swedish patriot Engelbrekt during a visit to the Lions club in her native city of Arboga.

Vacation. Bibi Johns, a blue-eyed, blonde-haired girl who grew up in Arboga, Sweden, became one of the most popular young singers in her native country. In 1951 she boarded ship for the United States, where in a short time she became a night club, stage and recording star. Such songs as "The Night Is Filled With Echoes" and "I Wish I Was a Puppet on a String" have put her name on the American hit parade. This summer Bibi, on vacation from her home at Scarsdale, N. Y., visited her native Arboga (see cut). She stopped first on a tour of Sweden to sing for the Arboga Lions club; her participation in a stage show raised enough money so that the Lions can buy a respirator for their local hospital. We like Bibi's answer when the Lions asked for her bill: "The respirator is my payment. The thrill of being a 'little Lion' is quite enough for me."

Kindliness. We are indebted to Lion Robert J. Preble of Aberdeen, Wash., for a heartwarming story of Lionism in action. In August Mrs. Preble's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bregger, were driving from Florida for their first visit to the far Northwest. Near Evanston, Wyo., they were involved in a 2-car collision which demolished their automobile and put them both in the hospital. After talking to the attending physician, the Prebles decided not to make the long trip to Wyoming until their parents could travel, yet they knew that the care of two crippled 60-year-olds would pose quite a

problem. Lion Preble got an inspiration; he checked the Lions International Directory and found that there was a club in Evanston, Wyo. He corresponded with the club; the Lions of Evanston visited the Breggers and sent flowers, arranged for packaging and shipping of their belongings and rendered every assistance to the helpless invalids.

"A big factor in the recovery of our parents was the knowledge that, in a city of total strangers, they had a whole organization concerned over their welfare," writes Lion Preble. "It is highly significant that Lions stand ready with outstretched hands in such big things as the Dutch Flood relief and in such small, personal matters as the one I am reporting. More power to every unit in the International Association for being like the Evanston, Wyo., club!"

(Ed. note: The new 1953-54 Lions International Directory, a guide to helpfulness in 46 nations of the world, has just been mailed to your club officers.)

Any Argument? Texas may not like this, but it is now apparent that Florida can lay claim to the "World's Largest Tail Twister." He collects fines for the South Hillsborough, Fla., Lions club, of which he is a member in high standing, and his name is Al Tomaini (see cut). Lion Al is 8 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs a solid 356 pounds and wears a size 20 shoe. When Tail Twister Al walks into the meeting room he bends double, but the minute he straightens up the Lions rush over to drop their fines in the "kitty" and thank him for the privilege. At a recent meeting Al was introduced to Jack Dempsey, former king of the heavyweights and himself a Lion. The members say it was pretty funny, seeing Jack Dempsey standing on a chair so he could talk to the Tail Twister!

Free Ride. Speaking of Tail Twisters, Jim Coughlin of the Dunellen, N. J. club seems to have thunk up an idea which should be popular with other Lions clubs. Jim designed what he called an "Immunity Badge"; it shows a Lion member thumbing his nose at the Tail Twister. At the last meeting of each month Jim "raffles off" this badge, at two bits per chance; the winner places the badge on his lapel and is immune to any fines for one month. "Works out fine," says Jim. "We take in more from the badge than the winner would pay in fines."

Bulletin Blues. W. E. (Tut) DeLano, bulletin editor of the Grand Forks, N. D., Lions club for over 15 years, comes through with some pointed comments on the trials and tribulations of bulletin editors in general. Says Tut:

"Of approximately 10,000 Lions clubs throughout the world, let's assume that 75% of them have bulletins. This would



Here is visual proof that the Lions club South Hillsborough, Fla., has Lionism's biggest Tail Twister. Spec. Rep. Art Fogarty is shown pinning the badge of office on gigantic Tomaini, who collects fines with no pain.

mean 7,500 bulletins, with 7,500 editors always in a receptive mood for items of interest and announcements of program. From our experience we would estimate that 60% of these 7,500 editors are supplied each publication day by lack of news or "tough luck" experienced by their program chairmen. This 60% boils down to a mere 4,500 individual Lions editors who must strain their imaginations in order to publish a bulletin worth of the word "interesting." Of course those 4,500 editors are only one percent of the membership of Lions International so if only 1% are inconvenienced each week... WHAT OF IT?"

Sounds like Tut is being subtly sarcastic about the other 99% non-helpful Lions who take their bulletins for granted and say "Why, there's nothing to it. I could do a better job myself!"

ACCOLADES. To the Hendersonville, N. C. Lions club for an amazing attendance record. Seventy-one mem-



"Sweet Freedom's Song" is the title of the photo by Past Sec. T. E. Schrecengost of Scottsdale, Pa., Lions which won a certificate of merit from Freedom's Foundation. The model is Sandra Jean, daughter of the photographer.

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